

Nat King Cole - September Song

Tom: C

(intro) F Fm Fdim C C Am Am D Dm G7 C Fdim C

Fdim C Am
 Fdim C
 When I was a young man acourtin' the girls, I played me a waitin' game;
 Fdim C Am
 F G C Am
 If a maid refused me with a toss of her curls, I'd let the ol' world take a couple of twirls,
 F C Am
 Fdim C Am
 And I'd ply her with tears instead of pearls, and as time came around she came my way,
 Fdim G G7
 As time came around, she came.

(refrão)

F Fm Fdim C C Am
 But it's a long, long time from May to December,
 Am D7 Dm G7 C Fdim C
 And the days grow short when you reach September;
 F Fm Fdim C C Am
 When the autumn weather turns the leaves to flame,
 Am D Dm G7 C Fdim C
 One hasn't got time for the waiting game.
 F Fm Fm
 Dm Fdim G
 Oh, the days dwindle down to a precious few. September

November

G7 F Fm Fdim C C Am
 And these few precious days I'll spend with you,
 Am D Dm Fdim C
 These precious days I'll spend with you.
 F Fm Fm
 Dm Fdim G
 Oh, the days dwindle down to a precious few. September
 November
 G7 F Fm Fdim C C Am
 A D
 And these few precious days I'll spend with you, these
 Dm Dm C F Fdim Dm C
 I'll spend with you.

(verso 2)

Fdim C Am
 When you meet with the young men in the early Spring
 Fdim C
 Fdim C Am
 They'll court you with wine and with song, they'll woo you
 with words and a clover ring
 F F G C Am Am
 F Fdim C Am
 But if you examine the goods that they bring, They have little
 to offer but the songs that they sing
 Fdim C Am Fdim
 G G7
 And a plentiful waste of time of day. A plentiful waste of
 time

Acordes

